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xxx.

Darfu 'r gauaf, darfu 'r oerfel,
 Darfu 'r gwlaw a 'r gwyntoedd uchel;
 Daeth y gwanwyn glas eginog,
 Dail i 'r llwyn a dol feillionog.

xxxi.

Nid af ddim i 'r gwely heno,
 Nid yw 'r un wy 'n garu ynddo;
 Mi orweddaf ar y garég:
 Tòr, os torri, 'nghalon fwyndeg.

[The following piece, by Taliesin, is copied from the LLYVYR TALIESIN, in the Hengwrt Collection, and is here inserted, because it was accidentally omitted in the Welsh Archæology. The orthography, punctuation, and other particulars are preserved as in the original.—Ed.]

MARWNAD DYLAN AIL TON.

An duw uchaf dewin doethaf mwyhaf aned
 pydelismaes pwy ae swynas yn llaw trahael.
 neu gynt noc ef. pwy uu tagnaf arredyf gefel.
 Gorthrif gwastrawt gwenwyn awnaeth gweith
 gwythloned. Gwanu dylan. adwythic lan.
 treis ynhytyrver. Ton iwerd.. athon vanaw.
 Athon ogled. Athon prydein torvoed virein
 yn petweired. Gwolychafi tat duw dovydat
 gwlat heb omed. Creawdyr celi an cynnwys ni
 yn trugared.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION,

xxiii.

Of what thing, say, is longing made,
 Ye men of knowlege, pray, declare it;
 What stout materials in it laid,
 That thus it wastes not as you wear it.

xxiv.

Thy singing with the cuckoo's vies,
 When, on a rock grown hoarse, he tries
 Some endless ditty to commence;
 Thy silence best would shew thy sense.

XXV.

Betwixt us nought this night is seen
 Save earth, a coffin and a shroud :
 Much farther from him oft I've been,
 Yet ne'er before with heart so cow'd.

XXVI.

Longing's deep and cruel smart,
 Longing 'tis, that breaks my heart :
 When heaviest sleep at night o'ertakes me,
 Longing * comes, alas, and wakes me.

XXVII.

Varied the stars, when nights are clear,
 Varied are the flowers of May,
 Varied th' attire, that women wear,
 Truly varied too are they.

XXVIII.

A comely youth I once caress'd,
 Another fair his heart possess'd,
 But her's, already given, he lost :
 Were ever three so sadly cross'd ?

XXIX.

No cuckoo Havod Elwy hears
 But oftentimes the crow :
 When all around fair weather cheers,
 'Tis there quite sure to snow.

* *

XXX.

The winter's angry blast is o'er,
 The roaring winds contend no more ;
 The spring is come with moistening dews
 And clothes the mead with verdant hues.

D. E.

XXXI.

To bed to-night I'll not repair,
 The one I love reclines not there :
 I'll lay me on the stone apart,
 If break thou wilt, then break my heart.

D. E.

* The word, here translated Longing, is *Hiraeth*, for which there is no corresponding term in the English language. The Latin word *Desiderium* is of a similar import.—ED.